

The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

London
December 8, 1943



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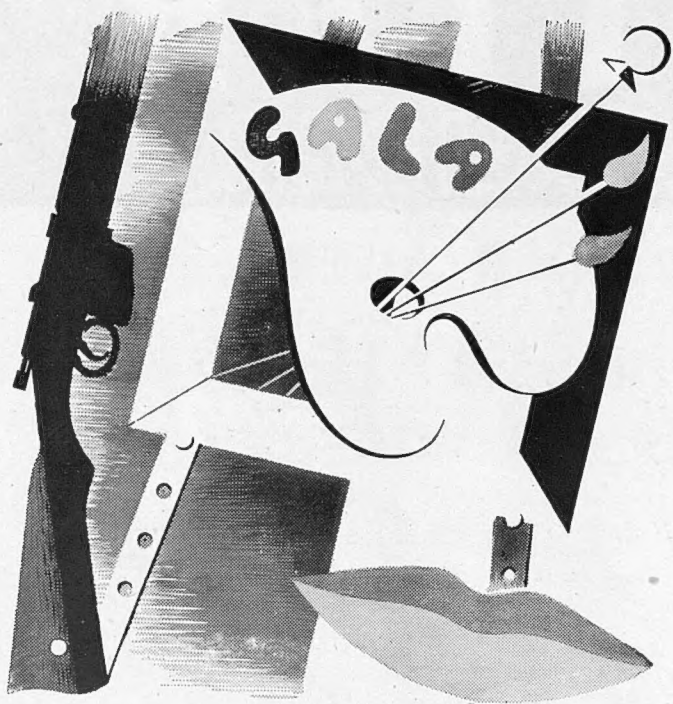


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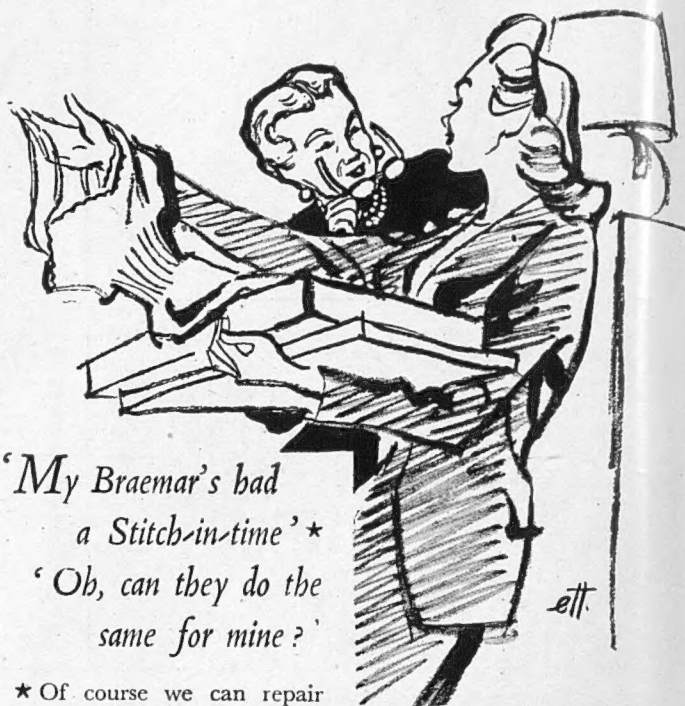
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THE TATLER

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Bassano

General's Family: Lady Margaret Alexander and Her Children

Last summer General the Hon. Sir Harold Alexander, Deputy Commander-in-Chief under General Eisenhower, came back to England for a short visit. Most of his time was spent at his home, The Vale, Windsor Forest, with his children and his wife, who took a short time off from her war work to spend with him. Lady Margaret Alexander, who works hard for the W.V.S. in London, is the Earl of Lucan's younger daughter. She and her husband have three children, seen here with her; the eldest is Rose, and the boys are Shane and Brian. General Alexander is the second brother of the Earl of Caledon



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Absent

MR. CHURCHILL was not at home at No. 10 Downing Street when the letters, telegrams and parcels began to arrive in an ever-increasing stream on his sixty-ninth birthday. He was abroad. We do not know at the time of writing where he was precisely. We only know that it was somewhere in North Africa. Had he been at home, we know that it would have been a day of work as usual. As it was, we know now that he was involved in the biggest international discussions of the war.

For the first time he and President Roosevelt—they had chosen North Africa as the point for a great turning movement in diplomacy—had met Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. We cannot know all that they discussed, but we can guess that it was highly important, and much more threatening to the two remaining Axis Powers than anything the official communiques can or will mention.

Marshal Stalin was missing from the conference with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. I should have thought that here was an admirable opportunity for a meeting between the two great men. But it seems that political conventions intervened. Russia is not at war with Japan, and if Marshal Stalin had met the Generalissimo it might have been interpreted as a breach of neutrality or something like that.

It was, indeed, a busy birthday that Mr. Churchill celebrated away from home.

International

IN the United States it was reported that Mr. Churchill's birthday was celebrated as if he were one of their own countrymen. Such

is the power of his personality and the spread of his broadcast words. But Mr. Churchill was neither in the United States nor his own country. He was in a foreign land.

All his life has been one of movement. Undoubtedly he can now lay claim to be the most travelled of any English statesmen, if not in peace time, certainly in war. In his days as a subaltern he travelled far. Wherever there was a battle he was eager to go. But I'll wager he's travelled more in these latter years—the last four—than he ever did as a young man. He has flown thousands of miles, travelled thousands of miles by sea as well, and yet at sixty-nine he retains his good health, and always seems to have yet more energy for new effort.

Longevity

WE hear a lot about Pitt being Prime Minister at twenty-four, but his influence seems to carry no weight in these modern days. In his forties a politician is still a young man—an apprentice—in the prevailing outlook of the House of Commons. Men speculate about his chances of becoming Prime Minister in the years ahead. Not until a man has passed fifty, and is on his way to his sixtieth year is he graded among the statesmen. After that, he is thought to be entering his prime and still eligible for the premiership, whether he gets it or not. There is no doubt that statesmanship in this country appears to be the career to ensure longevity and good health.

Unique

MR. CHURCHILL is remarkable among his fellow men. He carries no secrets to

contain his health. He does not take exercise, he rests less than most men, and manages on a minimum of sleep. While he delegates a lot of work to others, this does not mean that he divests himself of any responsibility for knowing what is happening. He takes a more direct interest in the work of individual departments than ever any of his recent predecessors. Like President Roosevelt and Marshal Stalin, Mr. Churchill finds relaxation in the private showing of films.

Stripping

GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK did not make his long journey to North Africa for nothing. He seems to have been able to agree to some pretty far-reaching surgical operations on Japan during his talks with Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt. Japan is to be stripped of all her ill-begotten gains of recent years in no uncertain way. This, indeed, is no small war aim the Allies have set themselves to achieve when they begin the assault on Japan by land, sea and air.

There can be no doubt that the war in the



An Airman Decorated

F/Lt. Charles Harris St. John, who received a bar to his D.F.C. at a recent investiture, was accompanied to the Palace by his mother and brother, Major E. O. Harris St. John



The Polish President Visits a London Anti-Aircraft Battery

Polish gunners formed a guard of honour for M. Raczkiewicz during his tour of the gun site. The Polish President presented gifts of furniture to the men and A.T.S. members of the battery, in recognition of the kindness shown by Anti-Aircraft Command to the Polish A.A. gunners trained and serving in this country

Far East from now on will move at a faster pace. It must have been given added momentum by the deliberations of the leaders who know what they want, and are prepared to agree on the methods by which they can achieve it. They have at their disposal all the means available for full employment at their will. They are not dependent on unwilling Allies, or slave labour. They have the power to command and to inspire.

Equally, it is a war aim which Japan can be expected to resist with all the vigour remaining to her—and we should be wrong in underestimating this—now that she knows what is to be her fate. There's no chance of wriggling out of these conditions. She's got to fight on, or accept the verdict of the surgeons. Whoever is the Goebbels of Japan has now got something to work on, or hasn't he?

Ardent

ISUPPOSE it is without precedent in modern times that a woman has been present at highly important international talks and interpreted for her husband. Madame Chiang Kai-shek is, of course, a most unusual woman. She not only interprets for her husband. She advises him, and shares a full part of the responsibility for running modern China. She is an ardent Nationalist, and nothing deters her. Apparently she was ill when she undertook



A Midland Visit

G/Capt. Stubbs, D.F.C., and F/O. J. C. Alldis (who comes from Johannesburg) received Lt. Kathleen de Villiers, when she visited a Midland W.A.A.F. organisation. Lt. de Villiers is Gen. Smuts's adopted daughter

the long air journey from China, and had to receive medical attention during the discussions at the conference. Ill-health prevented Madame Chiang Kai-shek coming to London last autumn, but the invitation was left open and she may yet come.

Prophecy

THE Warriors of Whitehall may think what they like, and the Stick-in-the-Muds of Clubland may say what they like, but General Montgomery has yet to make a prophecy which is not fulfilled. He has lately promised to give the Germans a "colossal crack," and the people of this country, not to mention those in the United States, are certain that he will do what he says. His words have been a message of new hope at a time when the Italian campaign seemed to have got bogged. It is recognised, of course, by all fair-minded people that Italian territory where the campaign is being waged is not easy, and that the conditions have been worsened by foul weather. But now the cry goes up "Rome before Christmas."



Return to Cairo

Lord Killearn, British Ambassador in Egypt, was met by the British Minister there, Mr. Terence Shone, on his arrival at the airport, after a holiday spent with Lady Killearn in South Africa



Naval Uniforms at the Palace

Lt.-Cdr. Philip Sharpe, R.N.V.R., went to an investiture not long ago to receive the D.S.C. from the King. His wife, who is a cadet in the W.R.N.S., went with him to the Palace



Celebrating an Important Occasion

G/Capt. Hughie Idwal Edwards, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., and his wife have just celebrated the first anniversary of their son, Anthony. G/Capt. Edwards, from Perth, Western Australia, married the widow of F/Lt. H. R. A. Beresford in January, 1942



Bertram Park

Winner of the Belt of Honour

Lord Burghersh, who recently won the Belt of Honour when passing out of Sandhurst, is now a 2nd Lieut. in the Royal Horse Guards. He is the Earl of Westmorland's elder son

Additional

WHILE the Germans are under pressure from the east and from the south, the bombing of Germany will continue. Clearly it is Air Chief Marshal Harris's policy to hit the Germans as hard and as often as he can all through the winter, with the United States Air Forces adding their ever-increasing weight to the aerial bombardment. This must be regarded as the process of softening in readiness for the grand assault. If Hitler has any bomber force left, he prefers to hold it back to assist him in resisting invasion from yet another front when it is opened, as surely it will be before long.

Stubborn

MR. HERBERT MORRISON has stuck to his guns, and refused to reconsider the re-internment of Sir Oswald Mosley. Nothing less could have been expected of him, for not only Mr. Morrison's personal position was involved but the authority of the Government. Here was a case of mass hysteria, which was incapable of calmly dissecting the principles of the case. It shows what can happen when governments and nations depart from the true paths of justice, as provided by law. If Sir Oswald Mosley had been tried and convicted, or acquitted, on arrest, there would have been none of this false emotion. But when men are maintained in prison without trial all sense of their rights in justice disappear.



Awarded the U.S. Legion of Merit

For distinguished services in the Allied cause in North Africa, Maj.-Gen. C. G. G. Nicholson, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., received from Brig.-Gen. B. G. Ferris the U.S. Legion of Merit, conferred on him by President Roosevelt

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Not My Cups of Tea

By James Agate

I THINK it was Samuel Butler who said that men become like the things they eat. And I modestly lay it down that women become like the things they look at. Now, since women would rather look at a pot of face-cream than anything else in the world, so they get to look like pots of face-cream. If a face has character, its owner will do her best to smooth it out. If the eyebrows have significance they must be shifted elsewhere. No mouth is allowed to retain the natural shape which makes it witty, or eloquent, or tender; upon each must be imposed that inane "Cupid's bow." If the contours of the face say anything they must be so scabbled and scrobbled with filthy messes that they cease to convey their message. If Veronica Lake is the film star of the moment, then all women try to look like Veronica Lake. And consequently like each other.

IN *Flesh and Fantasy* (Leicester Square) a girl supposed to be plain puts on a mask which is supposed to make her pretty. Some men will hold that Betty Fields possesses what my revered colleague D. B. Wyndham Lewis would call "one of the homelier pans"; personally I think it is a sad little face full of those hollows and shadows of which Duse made so much. Either way, I hold that any man would rather look at Betty Fields in person than on a mask neither more nor less interesting than the bottom of the frying-pan in which the attendants of a beauty parlour cook their egg-powder, provided, of course, they haven't used the stuff to daub their customers with. On the other hand, since Betty's mask can mean nothing to any living soul, and since meaningless similarity is the ultimate object of all feminine make-up, it follows that all women going to see this film will prefer Betty's mask to Betty's face.

THE foregoing is not a matter of opinion, but of cold, sober, scientific fact. I take up *The Company She Keeps*, that very clever novel by that very clever American writer, Mary McCarthy, and I read: "Mr. Sheer could not bear to succeed in his own personality, any more than an unattractive woman can bear to be beloved for herself." Not Schopenhauer himself has written more damagingly, provided Miss McCarthy means what I think she means. This is that Jane Smith, a plain woman, would rather a man deluded himself into thinking she was beautiful and then fell in love with his delusion than that, accepting a façade as unexciting as a warehouse, he should fall in love with the wise, clever, amusing woman behind it. So there you are, my pretty, uninteresting little dears!

THE reader will guess that the first part of Duvivier's film failed with me completely. As I don't think Edward G. Robinson is good in the role of Lord Edward Robinson, and

as I also hold that Charles Boyer is less like a tight-rope walker than anybody living, the last two-thirds failed with me also. Somebody told me Barbara Stanwyck is in the film. She may be. Dear Barbara is one of the stars I always fail to recognise. Probably because she has got nearest to the feminine ideal of grooming herself to the point where, as the poet says:—

Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

The one, to my mind, good point in favour of this film is the photography, which is superb.

WHAT a three-thousand-fold pity it is that having got hold of a first-rate artist in Mickey Rooney, his bosses can do nothing about him. In a way I blame Mickey himself. As I judge him, he is a sterling little actor and one of the greatest masters of pathos the screen has had. But he seems to have got hold of the notion that he is a light comedian,

which is preposterous and absurd. Mickey has none of the graces necessary for this genre—no looks, no manner, no lightness, and no charm. And the last is the important thing. Such charm as he possesses—and for me he possesses it abundantly—is the charm of a warm heart allied to a snub nose, a squat, diminutive figure, and a plentiful absence of good looks. It is notorious that women do not like Rooney on the screen. All the women I know admit the young man's talent but "cannot stand the sight of him." Now if there is one thing that must be fatal to a light comedian this is it. Well—it's an old story. Clowns have always wanted to be tragedians, and Mickey is not the first sentimental actor who has insisted on playing the fool.

AND now for a word about the plot of *Girl Crazy* (Empire). Danny Churchill—and here I am brought up sharp. Was there no other name in the directory to give to the hero of a "musical"? I should be very sorry indeed if anybody this side were to call the hero of a musical comedy Benny Roosevelt! But about that story. Danny is getting too fond of chorus girls, wherefore his father, a newspaper magnate, sends him to a school for boys only, situated apparently in Mexico, or some State where nothing grows except the cactus. After a little mild fun got out of turning spoilt kid into broncho-busting cowboy, the full purpose of the film is disclosed.

For now comes the news that the school is short of numbers and must presently be closed. Whereupon Danny and the headmaster's grand-daughter (Judy Garland) interview the Governor, who gives permission to stage a big Rodeo for the purpose of advertising the school. The Rodeo is an immense success, and for its Queen the wretched Danny makes the mistake of electing the Governor's daughter, instead of the girl of his heart. After what seems an interminable time the girl forgives him. Now hundreds of applications arrive from the parents of young women anxious to send their daughters to a school where the principal item in the curriculum appears to be Rodeos. Well, perhaps there is no reason why an age should not be rodeo as well as radio-minded. In the end the school goes co-ed.

THIS dreadful nonsense is accompanied by sub-normal noises for which George Gershwin is responsible. Mickey has no chance to achieve anything beyond that which he does least well. And if I were a young woman with knees affectionately disposed towards one another I should avoid tights. But Judy Garland appears to think otherwise.

IF you want to hear a great deal of singing close your eyes and listen to *Thank Your Lucky Stars* (Warner). The most unexpected people sing, or go through the motions of singing—Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sheridan, Eddie Cantor, John Garfield, and a score more. But I am pleased to tell you that Humphrey Bogart, who looks in for a moment or two, does not sing. Nor does Edward Everett Horton. You might like this film.

Why not try it?
It's a riot!

as Mickey warbles at the opposition house.



Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in "Girl Crazy"

"Girl Crazy" is reviewed above by James Agate—one of Mickey's staunchest admirers. It is the story of a girl-crazy young man (Mickey Rooney), of his adventures in a school "for boys only," of his meeting with the Dean's daughter (Judy Garland), and of their joint exploits in staging a giant rodeo which brings nation-wide publicity to the school and saves it from enforced closure owing to lack of scholars. There is music by George Gershwin with lyrics by Ira Gershwin—the whole making spectacular entertainment at the Empire, Leicester Square

"Claudia" as a Film

After Record Successes as a Play in London and New York, Rose Franken's Play is Filmed

Claudia is the story of a girl-wife and the development of her love for her husband. As a play it ran for more than two years on Broadway, and in London has been at the St. Martin's Theatre since September, 1942. It is the story of an immature girl-wife and her development as she is forced to face the realities of life. Her light-hearted affair with a British playwright, her husband's jealousy, the knowledge that she is going to have a baby, and finally the shock of the news that her mother is dying of an incurable illness, all these combine to bring her mentally to maturity. In the film, Dorothy McGuire appears as Claudia, Robert Young as her husband David, and Ina Claire as her mother



The irresponsibilities of Claudia (Dorothy McGuire) lead to remonstrances from her mother (Ina Claire) and her husband, David (Robert Young) that she must face the realities of life



Claudia, seeking to disprove her husband's teasing that she is without sex-appeal, light-heartedly starts an affair with Jerry (Reginald Gardner), a neighbouring British playwright



When Claudia announces that she is going to have a baby, David resignedly accepts the fact that he will have to play father to both his wife and his child



Claudia's weakness for listening-in to other people's telephone conversations leads her to the knowledge that her mother is dying of an incurable disease



When Claudia learns to accept the realities of life, a real understanding and happiness grows out of the mutual love which already exists between her and her husband

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Ten Little Niggers (St. James's)

THE best nightmares do not always inspire the best table-talk. Indeed, as related at breakfast by their still quaking dreamers, they can be notoriously tedious. So is it with critical post-mortems on stage thrillers. In action these apocryphal affairs may excite or amuse by keeping the playgoer in thrilled suspense; but, like fireworks or cheese soufflés, they need to be enjoyed hot.

"Who killed Cock Robin?" is a question that will not be finally answered so long as murder remains a major crime, and ingenious propounders of the question ring new changes on its circumstances. But it would not be profitable to probe too deeply into the mysteries of this particular holocaust, or to cite chapter and verse in support of the adventures that befell the characters assembled by Miss Agatha Christie, that past-mistress of who-killed-who-ery, on the stage of the St. James's Theatre. For if ever a country house-party was entertained in nightmare fashion, it is this which innocently forgathers at the house of mystery on Nigger Island off the coast of Devon, and has the life violently scared out of it.

THE members of the party arrive by boat, in response to the intriguing invitation of an unknown host. They have never seen or heard of one another before. The servants are strangers to the place, and have been engaged by post. Even the young lady secretary is a newcomer; and no sooner has she made apologies for her employer's absence, and the bags are unpacked, and the cocktails hospitably circulating, than death gets busy.

They are a mixed lot, ranging from a dignified judge to an undignified ex-policeman posing as a South African magnate; and they include an acidulated spinster complete with knitting, a jumpy nerve-specialist, a sentiment-

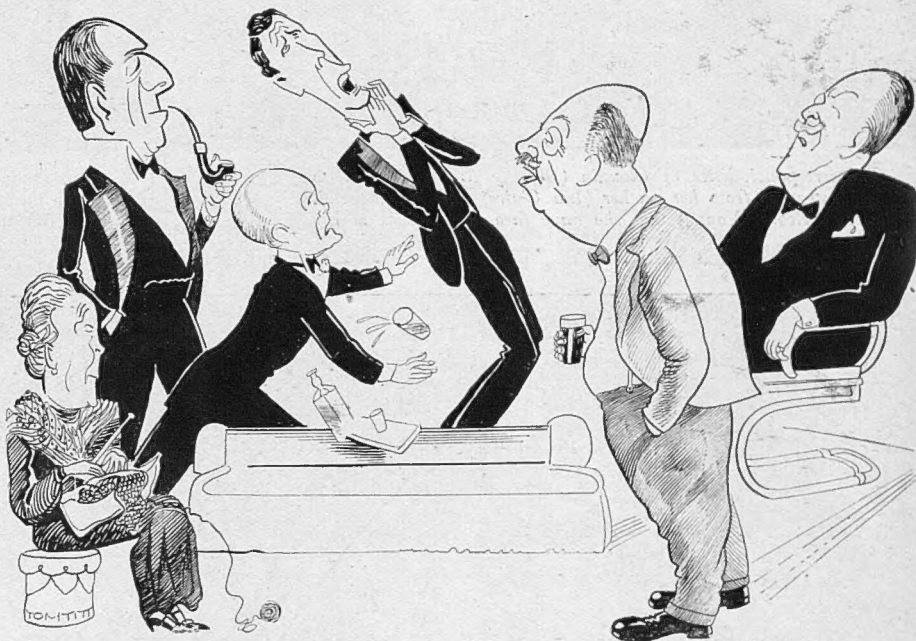
tal old general, and two young men. They fraternise with cautious reserve, while the secretary does her professional best to break the social ice before the gong sounds for dinner.

Since this account of their rendezvous with death has been adapted from one of the author's best-sellers, its details need not be kept secret. But such ingeniously arbitrary thrills do not challenge one's bias in favour of logic or plausibility, and are therefore safe from unsporting exposure. In the concoction, enjoyment, and critical estimation of such thrillers, cool reason has little place.

As they speculate among themselves on the identity of their unknown host, and his motive in entertaining them, these puzzled guests are shocked by an off-stage gramophone which, like a radio announcement, or the Last Trump,



Hilda Bruce-Potter and William Murray appear as the newly-engaged manservant and his cook-wife, both of whom meet an untimely end



Henrietta Watson, Allan Jeayes, Gwyn Nicholls, Michael Blake, Percy Walsh and Eric Cowley are six of the ill-fated house-party. "One choked his little self and then there were . . ."

reveals the secrets of all hearts, and proclaims each of them a wilful or involuntary murderer. This converts sticky sociability into alarmed suspicion; and in an atmosphere of waxing fear and waning incredulity, the whole company, including the two servants, begins to be serially bumped off.

Cyanide of potassium inexplicably laces this one's whisky. The now hysterical cook is fatally soothed by a narcotic in her nightcap. A discharged hypodermic syringe in the ankle puts an end to the spinster's knitting. Collapsing masonry, shots in the off-stage dark, ostensible suicide, and other unpredictable agents remove the others, one by one, and the fate of the ten little niggers, whose history is prominently inscribed on the wall beside the generously equipped cocktail cabinet, is thus horribly paralleled and parodied on this fatal island in the Devon sea.

THE question becomes, not so much "Who killed Cock Robin?" as "Who, or what, is thus systematically exterminating the whole

feathered tribe—who, and why?" The answer may, or may not, satisfactorily surprise; for this is, as you may have gathered, a somewhat headstrong fable, and claims the unconventional privileges of nightmare. Such wholesale homicide has a percussive, rather than a persuasive, zest, and should be taken in the spirit in which it is committed for one's diversion. Miss Irene Hentschel's resourceful production offers no inexcusable hostages to scepticism, nor do the actors palter with un pitying fate.

Miss Henrietta Watson and Mr. Allan Jeayes lead the dance of death with dignity and accomplishment. Mr. Eric Cowley treads the borderline between the unlikely and the incredible with bemused devotion; Mr. Percy Walsh does not lose his appetite in the face of death, and when all else have either shuffled off, or been violently dislodged from, this mortal coil, Mr. Terence de Marney and Miss Linden Travers survive to romanticise the denouement with a stoicism worthy of, I won't say a better, but a more humane, cause.



Linden Travers and Terence de Marney are the two fortunate little niggers who survive to tell the tale of their nightmare experience



Anthony

Margot Fonteyn as Odette in "Le Lac des Cygnes" (Act II)

Margot Fonteyn added yet another to her long list of triumphs when she danced the exacting role of Odette-Odile in the full-length production of *Le Lac des Cygnes* by the Sadlers Wells Ballet Company in September last. She will again dance this role, which was first made famous in this country by Alicia Markova in 1934, during the present season, which opened at the New Theatre last week. A new role will also be added to Miss Fonteyn's repertoire when she appears as the young girl in *Spectre de la Rose*, with Alexis Rassiné, a revival which Miss Ninette de Valois is planning with new decor during the next nine weeks.

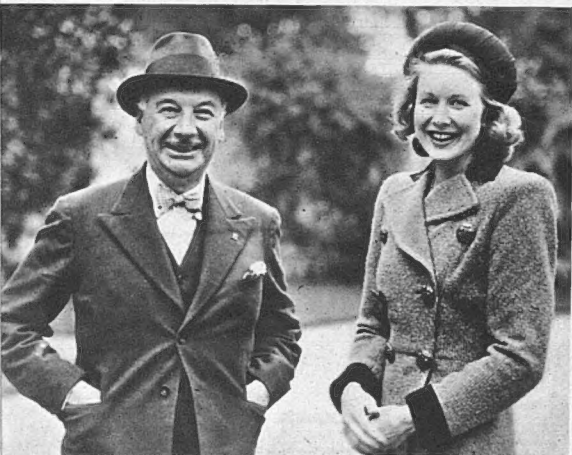
On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country



Third Son for an M.P.

Major Charles Taylor, M.P., and his wife (formerly Constance Shotter, the actress) are seen with their youngest son. Major Taylor became National Conservative M.P. for Eastbourne in 1935, at the age of twenty-four



Berkshire Host and Guest

While staying with Lord Berners at Faringdon House, Berkshire, Mrs. David Niven was photographed with her host. Her husband is the well-known film star, who is now a Major in the Army

Royal Hospitality

BOTH the parties which Their Majesties gave at Buckingham Palace, one on the eve of Thanksgiving Day for the U.S. Forces over here, the other on December 1st for Dominion and Empire Forces, were outstandingly successful, as they well deserved to be, since the Royal hosts, with the two Princesses, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent, did everything possible to make their guests feel at home, and welcome among friends.

His Majesty was in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet at the first party, and the Queen wore an afternoon gown of delicate beige, with a triple row of pearls at her neck. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were alike in soft shades of blue, the elder with a pleated skirt, and her short coat worn dolman-fashion, slung across her shoulders, and the younger in a one-piece dress. The string band of the Coldstream Guards played selections as a background to the hum of conversation, and the King and Queen, with the other "Royals" present, walked about separately, engaging the visitors in talk with such easy charm that the men from the great Republic, by far the greater majority of whom had never set foot inside a Royal Palace before, were lost in admiration.

General Jacob L. Devers, Commanding General in the European Theatre, headed the U.S. Army guests, and Admiral Stark, who commands the U.S. Naval Forces in European waters, was there, too. Mrs. Winston Churchill came in during the afternoon, and Mr. Clement Attlee, the Deputy Prime Minister, came late, with his wife. I also saw Lord Clarendon, the Lord Chamberlain, who had taken a great part in the preliminary arrangements for this latest and satisfying token of Anglo-American amity, Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton, Lady Herbert, Lady Nunburnholme, and many other well-known figures in the Court circle. Lady Hyde was in attendance on Her Majesty, and W/Cdr. Pelly-Fry, the King's "bomber ace" equerry, who that morning had made minor parliamentary history by being the first air equerry ever to be in attendance on the Sovereign at the Opening of Parliament, was again in waiting on the King.

Opening of Parliament

THE QUEEN was with the King when he opened the new Session of Parliament, and was looking very well in a severely tailored coat of black velvet, against which her triple row of pearls showed up most effectively. The Queen has certainly mastered the difficult art of sitting immobile while hundreds of eyes are turned on her. She scarcely moved at all during the quarter of an hour or so during which she sat by the King as he read his speech. The speech was handed to him by the Lord Chancellor, and the lights shone on the gilt edging of the sheaf of foolscap paper, which looked almost like a book as the King held it in his hand. The Queen, in spite of the cold weather, wore no furs, but Lady Nunburnholme, who was in waiting on her, had on a three-quarter-long mink coat. There was a goodly array of peers and peeresses, including some young ones, such as Lord Townshend (who brought his wife) and Lord Poulett, who chatted together for a while in the Royal Gallery. Lord and Lady Willingdon were another young couple I saw; Lady Brocket sat in the peeresses' pen with Lady Guisborough; Lady Anderson was greeted by Lord Kinross, who was in R.A.F. uniform, and in the Strangers' Gallery there was an overflow of peeresses, among whom were Lady Ormonde and Lady Barnby. Lady Cranborne was carrying a spray of sweet-smelling briar which she had brought with her from Cranborne; Lady Simon was also there; so was Lady Salisbury.

South of England Coursing at Druid's Lodge

THE South of England Coursing Club held their very successful autumn meeting at Mr. Jimmie Rank's lovely Wiltshire place, Druid's Lodge. There is no more genial host than Mr. Rank, and the Coursing Club's Members' tent, which was also open to his personal guests, was well filled during the interval for lunch with his many friends. Members of all the Services managed to get there, and were obviously enjoying themselves immensely. The Turf was well represented. Mr. Johnnie Dewar was thrilled with the running of his, and Mrs. Dewar's, dogs, who broke all records and won eighteen



A Party at Greek House, Grosvenor Square, for the Greek Red Cross

With Lady Price and Lady Hamond-Graeme at the party was Lady Rennell of Rodd. Her husband, Major-Gen. Lord Rodd, was appointed Chief Civil Affairs Officer of the Anglo-American Government in Sicily last July



During the evening there was a sale of gifts in aid of the Greek Red Cross, at which Leslie Henson was the auctioneer. Here he is with Mrs. Dawson-Miller, Effie Lady Selsdon and Mr. Luse



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Wet Weather for the St. Andrew's Day Celebrations at Eton

Major Lord Cromwell, M.C., recently returned from a German prison camp, went with his wife and daughter, Philippa, to visit his son at Eton on St. Andrew's Day. The chief event of the day was, as usual, the Wall match; this year a decisive victory for the Oppidans

Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer went down to Eton for the celebration. He is in the Scots Guards, and is himself an old Etonian. They have a daughter, born in March

courses. Mr. "Attie" Persse, full of good cheer, had come with Major Gerald Deane. Others present were Capt. and Mrs. John Mason, who are living in a cottage on the Druid's Lodge estate; Mrs. George Clarke, whose husband, having been invalided out of the Army, is working in a munition factory; Mr. Joseph Shand, who had a good bitch running and who was lucky enough to win the coveted Waterloo Cup with the first dog he ever owned; Mr. Harold Wright, who has trained more Waterloo Cup winners than anyone; Gordon Richards, reputed to have left for home winning £18; Michael Beary and his wife, who arrived hot from the pursuit of errant heifers on Salisbury Plain; Mr. Charlie Thomas, jolly host of the Red Lion, who is a rare coursing enthusiast; and Mr. Todd, who is one of the permanent features of morning work on Newmarket Heath, and who reports the best lot of yearlings he has seen there for years.

Mr. Rank is reputed to have paid £1 each for the Irish hares he has imported to strengthen the local ones, which may or may not be true, but if it is, they were certainly worth it, as there were some outstandingly fine courses during the meeting and a very large percentage of the

hares escaped, which was pleasant. Mrs. Shennan, who is a coursing regular and always has a good dog or two, was telling her friends the grand news of the escape of her brother, Major Dermot Daly, from a prison camp in Italy. It was his sixth attempt since he was taken prisoner in the raid on Rommel's headquarters in the North African campaign. He reports that Italy is full of escaped British prisoners, and one hopes that many more will be as lucky as he was, and reach our lines safely.

Queen Charlotte's Ball

THIS winter the usual Queen Charlotte's Ball is to be in two parts; the first took place in the ballroom at Grosvenor House a few nights ago, and the second is due to be held there on the 18th of this month. The other night people arrived at Grosvenor House with cases of food and bottles of champagne which they "parked" on their otherwise bare tables, and really it seemed to make no difference that there was no official supper. Lady Hamond-Graeme had her usual immense party, some seventy or so this time. Girls had brought out their evening frocks for the occasion, and the dance floor brought back memories of pre-war balls. One

of the most successful frocks was the filmy black lace with its *bouffante* skirt which was worn by the Hon. Audrey Paget. Lady George Cholmondeley, too, stood out in her frock of grey chiffon, with its full evening-dress effect. The Duchess of Montoro, the attractive daughter of the Spanish Ambassador, who, unlike most of her countrywomen, is a blonde, was an outstanding figure with her mass of curly hair; so was Lady Ovey's daughter (by her first husband), who wore a red flower in her dark hair. The Archduke Robert and Marie Lady Willingdon were among the dancers, and so were Lord and Lady Headfort, and Capt. Alan Graham, M.P., the new Member for Col. Cazalet's seat at Chippenham. Lord Strathcona's second son, the Hon. Barnaby Howard, was there; so was Mr. Christopher Emmett, who brought his sister, Lavinia; the Hon. Enid Paget; Miss Sarah Dashwood; and a crowd of sailors, soldiers and airmen, all dancing to the strains of an R.A.F. band.

Pathfinder Wedding

WHEN Miss Naomi Campbell married S/Ldr. A. Eaton-Clarke at St. Peter's, Vere Street, last Saturday morning, at 11 o'clock, the
(Concluded on page 312)



The "Christmas Tree Fair" for Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen's Families

The sale was opened by Lady Sinclair, wife of Sir Archibald Sinclair, seen here with Col. Edgar Brassey, chairman of the Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen's Families Association, who organised the proceedings

Doris Lady Orr-Lewis sold a string bag to Sir William Rootes, and Mrs. Jardine-Hunter-Paterson (centre) helped her at her stall. The Fair was held at Rootes's Piccadilly showrooms

The Duchess of Kent at a Toy Fair

Miss Valerie Hobson, the film star, organised the Christmas Toy Fair at the Dorchester Hotel, to which the Duchess of Kent was a visitor. A doll was presented to the Duchess for Princess Alexandra

A Dancer On and Off the Stage

Daria Luna is the Prima Ballerina of Jack Buchanan's Show, "It's Time to Dance"



The garden at home provides ideal space for practice. This exercise is a more difficult balancing feat than it looks—it strengthens the leg muscles



Daria excels in all sports. As a child she was a champion high-jumper and her skill is shown in an elevation exercise such as this

● Daria Luna made her first appearance by Royal Command at the age of nine. That was ten years ago. Since then she has had many successes both in classical ballet—with Mme. Lydia Kyasht's Ballet Company—and in musical comedy under Mr. Jack Buchanan's management. She is now appearing as principal dancer in *It's Time to Dance*, which moved from its original home, the Winter

Photographs by



Daria spends quiet evenings at home with her mother when she is not dancing. Her favourite ballerina is Toumanova; the book she is reading is on Markova



A ballet sequence in "It's Time to Dance" shows Daria in a classical pas-de-deux with Nevill Astor. Choreography is by Miss Luna, music by Kenneth Leslie Smith

Garden Theatre, to the Lyric last night. Daria has been dancing since the age of four. Educated at the Cone School of Dancing, she appeared in pantomime when she was twelve and joined the Kyasht Company when fifteen. In 1941 she was awarded the Adelaine Genée Gold Medal for solo ballet dancing—a high award, for only one such medal is issued annually throughout Great Britain

Pictorial Press



Daria is studying singing so that she may become an all-round musical-comedy star. She owes much to her present producer, Jack Buchanan, who first discovered her great potentialities in this field



In her dressing-room, Daria fills in time between appearances mending ballet shoes: a task which falls to every dancer these days when shoes must last and last—and last



Mr. George Windeatt, who is Jack Buchanan's conductor, has undertaken Daria's instruction in piano-playing. She is an enthusiastic pupil

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

COBBETT, the great Cobbett, should be alive to say a few words on the recent findings of the Committee of Inquiry into naval and military "glass-houses," we couldn't help feeling. That reassuring report would be right up Farmer Cobbett's lane, the jolly old roaring red-waistcoated bull.

It's just over a hundred years ago that a punishment-squad of the German mercenary troops employed by the British Crown aroused Cobbett's fury by flogging some delinquent British soldiers nearly to death, as the custom was (and later proposals to abolish it greatly shocked and alarmed the Highest Quarters). For expressing himself freely on this topic in the *Weekly Political Register* Cobbett was fined £1000 and slung in the cooler for two years, which taught him what free speech meant. Yet, being a miracle of strong commonsense, we doubt if Cobbett would ever have argued that the Army's and the Navy's bad hats should be sung to sleep by doting sergeant-majors nightly, as the Great Soft Centre would seem to prefer. He knew that even a British Army has its sediment of pure ruffians who cannot be disciplined with rose-water and kid gloves. We think Cobbett, alive in 1943, would have given the Great Soft Centre a resounding kick in the pants amid hoots of laughter—something of the sort he gave Cheltenham, that refined resort:

"A 'watering-place'; that is to say, a place to which East India plunderers, West India floggers, English tax-gorgers, together with

gluttons, drunkards, and debauchees of all descriptions, female as well as male, resort, at the suggestion of silently-laughing quacks, in the hope of getting rid of the bodily consequences of their manifold sins and iniquities."

Chaps ought to read Cobbett more than they do.

Bughunt

JOKES about bughunters flourish in one's happy infancy and die out naturally with adolescence, so we were mildly surprised to find none of the accredited national comic boys making roguish bobbery over the sale of a pair of Galathea butterflies for £110 at a London auction recently.

What disheartens the comic boys nowadays, maybe, is that the bughunting racket is highly organised, and the butterfly-collecting type is no longer a harmless spectacled moonny tripping over flowery meads with a green net, but, generally speaking, a hatchet-faced financier in a luxurious City office who'd sell the pants off his aged grandmother. Moths and beetles come into the same racket, also little actresses of the more colourful species. Financiers rarely sanction the use of the killing-bottle and the pin when ordering a collection of actresses, but keep the pretty creatures alive in large glass cages, fitted with tiny silver caviare-trays and automatic champagne



"That letter to the Admiralty is urgent. Try and use two fingers on it, will you?"

fountains. Our Dumb Chums' League when faced with this spectacle rolls over and shams dead. The poet Newbolt's cry of shame from an indignant moth, beginning "There's a breathless hush in the clothes tonight" is well known in this connection.

Flop

LISTING some of our leading radio stars since the B.B.C. began, a gossip forgot to mention Earl Baldwin, of whom Compton Mackenzie, rating him as Britain's Radio Actor No. 1, remarked after an historic national broadcast a little time before the war that "every serious-minded woman in England felt that the Prime Minister had kissed her good-night."

None of the current Cabinet boys, Mr. Churchill of course excepted, puts any sort of personal magnetism across the air, and if the serious-minded woman gets any reaction at all she probably feels as if she'd been butted from behind by a large stuffed elephant with glass eyes. Yet the night before, as those boys recite their piece in their long flannel nighties before the wardrobe mirror at bedtime, it must sound a wow.

"... and make us more worthy, pause, slight tremble in voice, of the glorious heritage, slightly louder, of Democracy." Right this time, Emily?

"Ur."

"Not a dry eye, huh?"

"Ur."

"I've half a mind to do it all in Scotch. Sounds more rugged and honest, I mean. Those damned Scotsmen get away with murder. Look at Elliott!"

"Ur."

"And another thing, Emily, I must paint my bunions. Ouch!"

(Snore)

Before the mike this careful preparation goes for nothing and ten million listening saps switch over midway to Burps Bugmeister

(Concluded on page 302)



"We only use it on State occasions"

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In the Garden



Mrs. J. E. Scotland and Her Daughter

Mrs. Scotland, who is the wife of Lt.-Cdr. J. E. Scotland, D.S.C., R.N., was photographed with her daughter, Annabel, at her mother's home in Buckinghamshire. She is the only daughter of the late Admiral Sir Studholme Brownrigg, K.B.E., D.S.O., and of Lady Brownrigg



Mrs. V. B. Bennett and Peter

The wife of G/Capt. V. B. Bennett, D.F.C., R.A.F., was Miss Cicely Clayton Swan before her first marriage to Capt. "Duppy" G. H. Bennet, (winner of the 1923 Grand National on Sergeant Murphy), who was killed racing a year later, by whom she has a daughter now in the A.T.S. Her second marriage took place in 1934, and she and her husband have a son, Peter



A Hunting Family at Foston Hall, Derbyshire

Lt.-Col. Leonard Hardy, M.C., and his wife are seen here with Mrs. Hardy's children by her first husband, the late Mr. Edward Philips. Her son, Robin, was accidentally killed in a training regiment since this photograph was taken. Her elder daughter, Mrs. John Clowes, is second whip to the Meynell Hunt, and the younger, Marigold, is in the W.R.N.S. Mrs. Hardy, pre-war District Commissioner of the Meynell Hunt Pony Club, is now Commandant of an Auxiliary Red Cross hospital. Col. Hardy was High Sheriff of Derbyshire in 1936

Photographs by Compton Collier



Lady Tryon and Her Son

Formerly Miss Ethelrida Josephine Burrell, the younger daughter of Sir Merrik Raymond Burrell, Bt., married Major Lord Tryon in 1939. They have a son, Anthony, aged three, and a daughter, born last year. Lord Tryon is in the Grenadier Guards, and was A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Canada in 1933-34. He succeeded his father, the first Baron, in 1940

Opposite Numbers

Portrait
Cuthbert

The British
Chief and
can Vis-à-
Brit



Air Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, K.C.B., D.S.O.

For two years before his appointment in November 1942 as A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command, Air Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory commanded the famous No. 11 Fighter Group, and since the end of 1940 was largely responsible for organising our fighter offensive. After the last war, when he served in the Lancashire Fusiliers, he took a permanent commission in the R.A.F., making an intensive study of Army co-operation, and in 1925 graduated from the Staff College to command the School of Army Co-operation. A believer in "seeking out the enemy and destroying them," he developed the technique of operating large wings, several squadrons at a time, against the enemy, which proved so successful during the Battle of Britain.

Fighter Command

s by
Orde

Fighter
is Ameri-
Vis in
in



Major-General William E. Kepner, D.F.C.

On September 6th this year, Major-Gen. W. E. Kepner became Commanding General of the American Eighth Fighter Command in Britain. At the age of sixteen he enlisted in the U.S. Marines, and served during the last war in the Fourth Infantry. He was three times wounded, and besides the American D.F.C., holds the Legion of Honour, the Croix de Guerre and the Purple Heart. Chief of Staff of the original G.H.Q. of the American Army Air Force, he later commanded the Eighth Fighter Group, and previous to his present appointment, the Fourth Fighter Command. In 1934, Major-Gen. Kepner flew 62,000 feet into the stratosphere in a balloon, creating a new world record.



Above is a view of the crowded lawns and stand at Poona Races, held during Lady Linlithgow's farewell visit to the "Queen City of the Deccan"



Air-Cdre. the Maharaja of Jodhpur watched the odds board before the big race



Mr. Osman Chotani led in his horse, Paymaster, Rafaele up, after winning the Lady Linlithgow Cup

Lady Linlithgow Cup Day

A New Race for Indian-Bred Horses at Poona Races



The Marchioness of Linlithgow (in black) presented the cup to Mr. Osman Chotani, the winning owner, and beside him is Rafaele, Paymaster's jockey. Also in the picture are Sir Rahimtoola Chinoy, President of the Western India Turf Club, and Lady Colville, wife of the Governor of Bombay



The Maharaja of Gwalior, who had five winners during the day, is seen with his trainer, Mr. Higgins



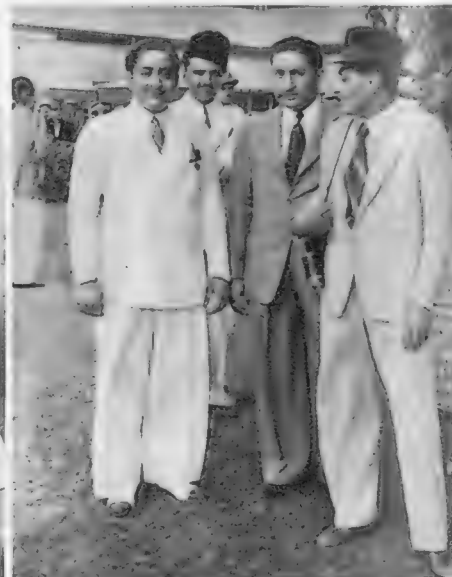
Here is Mrs. George Crutchley, whose husband is a Steward of the Turf Club



Mrs. Leo Radcliffe and Mrs. K. de B. Bennett were studying form together



Mrs. Angus Ball looked very pleased after pulling off a very successful treble



The Maharaja Kumar of Morvi and the Kumar Harischandra of Lathi discussed the racing with Mr. D. M. Mistry, the trainer

Photographs by
G. C. Dorsett, Bombay



Home Guards Search the Vaults Before the Opening of Parliament

This year a detachment of the Palace of Westminster Home Guard Company performed the traditional ceremony of searching the vaults of the House of Commons. On duty were Pte. Dr. Paul Einsig, Pte. Lord Annesley, Cpl. A. Bartlett, Pte. Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare, Lt. Guy Eden, Pte. V. L. McEntee, M.P., and Capt. V. Goodman, M.C.

Lt. Guy Eden and Pte. Lord Annesley were very thorough in their duties of searching the vaults, and looked into all the corners. Lt. Eden is the political correspondent of the "Daily Express"

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Not All "Gas"

THE second warning issued to the Germans by a prominent personage was upon information quite as solid as that upon which Mr. Churchill's was. It may be taken as certain that the Germans will endeavour to saturate certain sections of what they consider invasion areas with that substance we call "mustard gas" (correct name, dichlorethyl sulphide), so as to seal them temporarily, at any rate, to ground troops, and thus lessen the enormous perimeter which has to be defended. It is equally obvious that they cannot saturate everywhere, for the good and sufficient reason that it would also anchor their own forces. To poison certain sectors in this way does not demand control of the air. To make any sort of a success of an attack on our bases of supply and reinforcement, Germany must have control of the air. Sporadic attack by gas still is always possible, and may even be probable, now that the rat is cornered; but knowing that which he does know, will he think it worth the candle? The odds are against it.

Words of an Expert

I quote:—

KNOWLEDGE on the part of an enemy that the populace are well prepared and will not be stampeded into panic may well have the effect of persuading him that the results of an air (gas) attack on our cities would not be worth the costs and the consequences that would ensue to his own people.

... a form of warfare which would bring immediate and intensive reprisals and would elicit the most violent passions of rage and hate.

The uncontrolled rushes of panic-stricken people in the streets, in the underground railway stations and elsewhere, would themselves cause far more injuries and deaths than would the gas from the bombs.

Major-Gen. Sir Henry Thuillier, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., author of *Gas in the Next War*.

A Distinguished Sapper

SIR HENRY THUILLIER, a distinguished Sapper, was Director of Gas Services at G.H.Q. during the last war, and later Controller of

Chemical Warfare at the Ministry of Munitions. The only possible method of gas attack on cities is by air, and the use of bombs with a small bursting charge not enough to vaporise it at once, but enough to spray the ground. This, of course, applies equally to the gas-shell projected from a gun.

Any suggestion that a gas attack by spraying from aeroplanes could be effective is just moonshine. To be in any way effective, the attacking 'plane would have to come down to a relatively low height, and even then it is no certainty, owing to its speed, that spraying could be really thorough. At anything above 300 ft. the efficiency decreases rapidly.

A few statistics from the last war: fatal casualties from bullets, shells, bayonets, etc., 28 per cent., and fatal casualties from gas, 4.18 per cent. The percentage of deaths from gas to admissions to hospital during the last war ranks from 16.47 per cent. in 1916 to 2.35 per cent. in 1918. When gas was first used by the Germans against our troops in the field we were taken by surprise. Out of 23,624 gas cases, 21,949 returned to duty. The deaths were only 735. (*Official History, Medical Services, Casualties and Medical Statistics*, pp. 274-306.) The ratio of those disabled by wounds, other than gas, was 9.94 against 1.47. I think, nevertheless, we should bear in mind an adage of which the Germans are very fond: "If the Devil is hungry he will eat flies"—in their vernacular, "Wenn der Teufel hungrig ist dann frisst er fliegen." So watch out!

Riding Disorders

THE indefensible practice of jockeys crowding over on to the rails side immediately after the gate goes up, referred to by Mr. Carlo Campbell in his various letters to *The Sporting Life*, is a point well taken. The facts are not disputable, and there is no excuse whatever, especially on a straight course, but the remedy rests, in the first instance, with the owner whose horse's chance has been jeopardised by these tactics. The *Rules of Racing* are quite explicit on this subject, and they say that anyone who comes over, unless he has a clear two lengths of sea-room, is guilty of the offence known as a "cross," the penalty for which is

disqualification; the same thing goes for bumping and boring. There is a very thin sheet of paper between this sort of thing and foul riding, which usually is deliberate. Part XIX., Rule 139 et seq., makes all this perfectly clear, and empowers stewards to act suo motu, but the complaint usually originates, or should do so, with the sufferer. Sometimes it does not, for, unless a jockey has been cheated of his winning chance, he takes this sort of thing all as part of the almost inevitable rough and tumble. Racing law, however, says nothing about this, and just lays it down that these things must not happen. A cross or a bad bump at the start of a sprint race can do just

(Concluded on page 308)



W. Dennis Moss

Staying in Gloucestershire

Lt.-Cdr. John Mackay, D.S.C., R.N.R., with his wife and daughter, Anne, were photographed at Clan Court, Gloucestershire, home of Mrs. Mackay's father, Sir Frederick Heaton, Chairman of Short Bros. Sir Frederick farms over 1000 acres and owns a pedigree herd of Ayrshires



D. R. Stuart

Having a Successful Season: Oundle School Rugby XV.

The Oundle Rugby XV., undefeated at the time of going to press, have beaten Rugby, Uppingham, Bedford and Stowe. In front: J. B. Condon, P. J. D. Nesbitt-Hawes. Sitting: R. A. C. MacKenzie, G. Bulshaw, L. G. Gloag (captain), A. G. Milligan, R. G. G. Forsyth. Standing: E. A. G. Salt, C. J. Booth, T. F. Hebblethwaite, W. H. Harper, J. R. Smith, G. L. H. Wise, C. M. Stevenson, G. P. Cornes



Oxford and Cambridge Soccer Captains

John Deal, of Exeter College, Oxford, is captain of the Dark Blues for the second successive year. He took his B.A. in Chemistry last June



D. R. Stuart

Charles F. Elms, St. John's College, is this year's Cambridge Soccer captain. He is also a cricketer, and played in the XI. last season



Rugby Captains Past and Present

W. D. Doherty, Guy's Hospital Rugby captain from 1919 to 1922, chatted with A. B. Lee, captaining the team this season, at the Guy's centenary match against the London Rugby Union at Honor Oak Park

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

as much damage as the same thing happening close to home. It can, for instance, compel a horse to change his leg, or it can knock all the wind out of him. I quite agree with Mr. Campbell that a steward at the starting-post to reinforce the starter's authority, and another steward half-way home, are desirable, and would be a deterrent to any rough-house methods. In long-distance races over such a wide expanse as the courses at Newmarket provide, have we not all many a time noticed how horses suffer from the herd instinct, and so frequently try to bunch? The modern jockey, deprived as he is of one of the most powerful of the "rudders"—his legs—has a very small chance of straightening a wanderer who feels lonesome when out in the blue all by himself, and many a race is lost, or not won by the distance it could, and should, have been by this divergence from the true line. I cite you Orestes in the recent Middle Park Stakes; but there are plenty of other cases. The stewards in the stand can see that sort of thing, but it is not so easy for them to see what happens in the earlier stages. So a steward at the start every time.

Riding Orders

THESE, of course, are quite different from Riding Disorders! Some say that no really good jockey ought to need them and that no knowledgeable trainer should ever give them. This is as may be! The trainer is in the position of the military genius who maps out the general strategical scheme; the jockey is the fighting General faced with the tactical problem. The chance of war is the incalculable factor. The strategist may have worked it all out to several places of decimals, when "Bang! Bong!" that vulgar swab Mars may barge in with something quite unexpected and scatter the equation to the four winds. The tactician has, therefore, to be given some rope.

The trainer may say, "I want you to be two lengths in front two fences (or half a mile, as the case may be) from home, and you can then win in your own time!" Excellent, no doubt, on paper, but how about it if the pace has been all wrong? It may have been a cracker, which would have meant that, if the tactician had been where the strategist said he had got to be at that particular moment, his horse would be cat's-meat within a few seconds. On the other hand, the pace may have been a crawl, in which case, if the tactician had done as he was told, he might find something come out from behind him and leave him standing stock-still.



Lord and Lady Malahide, well-known Irish owners, were there. Malahide Castle is said to be the oldest inhabited castle in Ireland



Leopardstown Races, Dublin: the £1000 'Chase

Knight's Crest was led in, after winning the big race, by his owner, Mrs. W. Molony, and the trainer, Capt. Cecil Harty. Mrs. Molony's young son, Martin, rode the horse to victory



Miss Anne King-Harman, who went racing with her mother, Lady Stafford-King-Harman, was until recently working at the Foreign Office

Poole, Dublin



National Characteristics—A Nice Cup o' Tea

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

Whether or no a Chinaman really does live for rice, an Italian for macaroni, and a Frenchman for frog's legs, it is a moot point if roast beef is still the mainstay of the Englishman. By now beer, gaspers or even spam may have supplanted the legendary and ample cut off the joint. But tea—a nice cup o' tea—what Briton will say "No" to this universal comforter and pick-me-up at any hour of the day or night? Certainly not the Tommy. An American commentator for the B.B.C., not long ago, giving his impression of British troops in the field, extolled their stolid virtues and marvelled at their infinite capacity for making tea. Wherever they were, however hot the battle, no matter what the weather, the brewing of their tea was of paramount importance, and nothing must interfere with it. Our artist pictures the utter unconcern with which the brewers of the beverage would regard even the most hostile interruption of a sacred rite

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Two Saints

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE," by V. Sackville-West (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), is sub-titled "A Study in Contrasts." The book is also a study of a good deal more—mystic experience, feminine character, convent life and the different backgrounds to these in two countries at two very different periods: sixteenth-century Spain and nineteenth-century France. The central subject is the phenomenon of sainthood. This is shown in two aspects in the lives of two women, who had only in common this and a christian name—St. Teresa of Avila and St. Thérèse of Lisieux.

The book will be found as fascinating as it is, for a number of readers, original in its subject.

The saints in general [begins Miss Sackville-West] are but little known to that non-Catholic branch of Christ's church which, nevertheless, and somewhat incongruously, avows its belief in the Communion of Saints in its accepted creed. Half-a-dozen or so are vaguely familiar, but even these owe their popularity to some recognisable label: St. Anthony of Padua, because he enjoys a reputation for finding lost objects; St. Francis of Assisi, because he fed the birds; St. Joan of Arc, because she heard voices, was burnt by the English and saved France. We cherish also some saints to whom our insular interest attaches. . . . Others have imprinted themselves on our imagination through the pictorial representations of the distressing trials they underwent. . . . Yet, whatever our beliefs may be, whether we spontaneously invoke St. Anthony when we have mislaid our keys or stalk with Puritan disapproval past the touching little shrines and statues that mean so much to a Catholic peasantry, there is a fascination to be found in the study of this life within life, this unique company, concealed but ardent, chronologically sparse but always similar in aim and often in actual detail of experience; this contradiction of all worldly values.

I quote this excellent opening passage at some length—though not with the fullness it deserves, my apologies being due for space-saving cuts—because it makes plain, at the start, the angle from which *The Eagle and the Dove* is to be written, the spirit in which the two studies are to be made, and for what kind of readers they are intended. I hesitated a little over Miss Sackville-West's use of "non-Catholic" in this context; might "non-Roman Catholic" not have perhaps been better? But that point is outside the scope of this review. Humanly and historically, as well as spiritually speaking, many of us do really sustain a loss through our ignorance of the lives of many of the saints—and most of all, I think, of those saints who came late, or fairly late on, in time. For these were the contemporaries of monarchs, generals, explorers or statesmen who are not unknown to us, from whose personalities we draw colour for our idea of their age. Of that same age, which through being mortal they shared, the saint's experience was another facet. Any picture,

however purely social its aim, of mediæval or renaissance Spain or Italy that ignored the existence of saints would be incomplete.

The holiest life cannot go on in a vacuum—I mean, in a vacuum in the human sense. The hermit seeking the desert may attain saintliness, but he is not a fair representative of the saint. In fact, if one may say so with all respect, the hermit appears to have chosen the soft option. Relations with one's fellow human beings are as often trying as they are pleasurable: many of us could be good if we had the world to ourselves. Yes, such relations are trying in the literal sense; one might say that the way in which they are conducted is the test of the value of the spiritual experience. A saint, like a genius, is a transmitter; what he receives from God is not for himself alone.

Contrasts

ST. TERESA OF AVILA was fitted, both by intellect and by temperament, to play a part in the Spain of her time—and played it. St. Thérèse of Lisieux (to whom it is impossible not to apply the adjective "little"; though always, I hope, affectionately rather than impatiently) lived first a sequestered life in her villa home; then, having entered a convent at sixteen—in white trimmed with swansdown, with her long blonde doomed curls hanging down



Prince Birabongse Sculpts Viscount Tredegar

At his home in Cornwall, Prince Birabongse of Siam has been working on a sculptured head of Viscount Tredegar. Artist and model are seen above with the finished work. Educated at Eton and Cambridge, Prince Bira first became well known in this country for his motor-racing activities. He is now a Flight-Lieutenant in the Air Training Corps, being O.C. and Instructor of a Gliding School

her back—remained enclosed till she died there at twenty-one. But even home, with the moody father, the pack of sisters and cousins, even the convent, with its feminine ups and down, were for the young Thérèse microcosmic worlds. Like majestic Teresa of Avila, Thérèse of Lisieux was in constant relations with other people.

St. Teresa, born at Avila in 1515, was the daughter of a great old Castilian family. To her personal fire was added the inherited haughtiness of her race. Both had to be curbed, as her life went on, and the unequal success with which she did so—besides the occasions when she saw no reason to try—makes her a most attractive, if not impeccable, woman.

She was handsome, high-spirited and a social success. As a little girl she was a tomboy; as a young girl a great gallivanter. To her last days she encouraged her nuns to dance—unlike St. Thérèse of Lisieux, who, having heard in her convent that one of her sisters was to go to a dance that night, cast herself into an access of successful prayer: when her poor sister took the floor with her partner, she found herself quite unable to place one foot in front of the other. Whatever its holiness, one could hardly call this a sisterly act.

Teresa and Thérèse were of very different voltage. One was a great renaissance woman, the other a sheltered bourgeois girl. Both were, however, to be exposed to experiences of a terrifying intensity. Thérèse's were inner only (though she was racked by illness); Teresa was subject to seizures and levitations. The first she fought to control; the second embarrassed her—she very much disliked extraordinary behaviour, and was to suppress with extreme firmness any attempt to do likewise on the part of her nuns. Nobody could have been more suspicious of hysteria, and Miss Sackville-West certainly clears St. Teresa of any charge of having been an hysterical

(Concluded on page 312)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

MINOR Luck, both good and bad, always seems to run

By Richard King

in cycles. The bad, curiously enough, begins to move, as a rule, when you are on the verge of one of the lesser despairs. The good can start at any time, but is usually so rare that it gives you an uncomfortable feeling, rather like the calm before the storm. Guardian angels, so it would appear, invariably suffer from sleeping sickness; consequently, when it is apparent they are awake, one suspects that it is only a return to consciousness preparatory to a further lethargy. It tends to make one live extremely warily. He who expecteth little shall never be disappointed; while he who expecteth nothing at all is usually the recipient of miracles. On the other hand, he who expecteth manifold blessings is inclined to grow cynical before his time. The average daily luck consists usually of a metaphorical cup of tea with sugar at the bottom of the cup, but no spoon!

It can be very trying to the temper, but you become wise to the plan as you grow older. Which wisdom is most happily expressed in making as few plans on your own account as is commensurate to your more fey optimism. Never, for example, expect the longed-for to come up to expectation. It rarely does. On the other hand, a long period of dread seems to rob woe of half its sting. Which, I suppose, is just another way of saying that nothing turns out half so bad, or nearly so good, as it looked in anticipation. But, as we

are all out for happiness when we can get it, the best thing to do is to seize

it with both hands when, invariably without warning, it suddenly falls into our lap. The trouble then is that it usually falls so suddenly that, before we have got over our astonishment, it is too late to seize it. Or only bits-and-pieces, anyway.

So we like to dream of the pleasant little joys which would be ours if only we might live over again and know from the beginning what now we know. Then, so we imagine, we might live wise to the fact that to book a theatre seat a fortnight in advance is merely to invite a cold in the head or an important business appointment when the day dawns: to accept an invitation in October to spend Christmas is to become the recipient of a much more attractive offer in November; to make certain of warmer weather consists in putting on our thickest undies and to break a dry spell is to make plans for a picnic in the woods days ahead.

Briefly, the Gods of Everyday Luck don't like you to anticipate their good deeds. Incipient gloom can make them almost tender-hearted. To count your miseries renders them almost genial, while to count your blessings, especially when accompanied by that grim optimism in which people always sit down to count their blessings, is nearly always an invitation to them to give you a wallop. Unemotionally, to take what comes is, I suppose, the best working-philosophy for the everyday, and, on the whole, it works fairly happily.



Clegg — Bower

Lt. (A) Martin Clegg, R.N.V.R., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Clegg, of Silwood House, Winchester, Hants., married Anne Bower at St. Peter's, Vere Street. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Bower, of Borrow House, Churt, Surrey



Garrow — Allan Hay

The marriage of Capt. Ian G. Garrow, D.S.O., and Margaret Allan Hay took place at Hyndland Parish Church, Glasgow. The bride is the only daughter of Sir David Allan Hay, K.B.E., and Lady Allan Hay, of 4, Lorraine Gardens, Glasgow



L. D. Frisby

Salt — Williams

Major Sir Thomas Henry Salt, Bt., the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and Meriel Sophia Wilmot Williams were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The bride is the daughter of the late Capt. Berkeley C. W. Williams, and the Hon. Mrs. Williams, of Herringstone, Dorchester, Dorset



Eaton-Clarke — Campbell

The marriage took place at St. Peter's, Vere Street, of S/Ldr. A. Eaton-Clarke, R.A.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Eaton-Clarke, of Johannesburg, and Naomi Campbell, second daughter of Sir Gerald Campbell, G.C.M.G., of the British Embassy, Washington, and Lady Campbell

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



DuBuisson — Wentworth Reeve

Capt. Thomas Melmoth DuBuisson, Welsh Guards, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. DuBuisson, of Saint's Hill House, Penshurst, Kent, and Joanna Beatrice Wentworth Reeve, only daughter of Major-General and Mrs. J. T. Wentworth Reeve, of 47, St. George's Court, S.W., were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks



Bulmer — Anderson

Capt. Donald Bulmer, R.A., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bulmer, of Starcross, Penarth, Glamorgan, and Philippa Jean Anderson, eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. A. E. D. Anderson, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Anderson, of Glen Elvie, Argyll, and Westminster Gardens, S.W., were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 297)

bridegroom's old flying crew were there to wish him luck. They had taken part—as Pathfinders—in the Berlin raid the night before, and as they only got back to base at 4 a.m. they had something like a rush to change their clothes and make their way to the church in time. S/Ldr. Eaton-Clarke used to be the crew's captain; he is a South African from Johannesburg, and won the D.F.C. in July after one of the raids on Cologne. His bride is the second daughter of Sir Gerald Campbell, British Minister in Washington, and Lady Campbell. Before she left the States as a British volunteer to the W.R.N.S. she was on the stage. She took part in several radio programmes over there, and was allowed to do one or two programmes for the B.B.C. before she started her "Senior Service" training here. Her younger sister, Jean, is married to a naval officer, while Pamela, the eldest Campbell girl, has been living and working in New York.

In Washington

THE bride's parents, Sir Gerald and Lady Campbell, are busy people in the States. They have a medium-sized house in North-West Washington, some way above the big Embassy building. Sir Gerald's unmarried sister, who was very ill two years ago, lives with them. As an adviser to Lord Halifax, as particular Minister in charge of the Consuls in the United States, and as the Embassy's most popular speaker among Americans, Sir Gerald is a busy man. Travelling across the continent in these days on crowded trains doesn't make the job any easier, and in spite of his years of experience, Sir Gerald still finds that a big public speech takes a tremendous amount out of him.

Probably nobody in the Embassy knows America as well as he does. He was one of the most popular Consul-Generals—first in San Francisco, and then in New York. Indeed, on the West Coast people still talk of his famous speeches at the Commonwealth Luncheon Club, which is famed throughout the United States. He has a slow, almost monotonous delivery, but a very sharp Scottish wit. After serving some time as British High Commissioner in Ottawa, Sir Gerald became Director of the British Information Services in New York in 1941, where he remained until his present appointment.



Sir Rhys Rhys Williams, D.S.O., K.C., and Lady Rhys Williams had a party at Grosvenor House for the Queen Charlotte's Hospital Ball. It included their daughter, Susan, and Lt. D. T. Raeburn



Enjoying the Queen Charlotte's Ball

In this cheerful group are Mr. Peter Dallas Ross, Miss de Zulueta, Major F. J. Erroll, Miss Hammersley, Mr. M. A. S. Fleming and Miss L. Emmet. The hostess at the ball was Lady Hamond-Graeme

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 310)

subject. Teresa's work—convent-reform and the founding of a new Order—made necessary many journeys about Spain, in a springless, covered wagon over the stony roads. St. Thérèse, while still in her early 'teens, reluctantly toured Italy with her father; her reluctance lasted till Rome, but here she tackled the Pope.

Both saints were authors: it is from their writings that much of Miss Sackville-West's material has been drawn. One gathers that, had not *L'Histoire d'une Ame* become a sacred best-seller, Thérèse of Lisieux might have remained, as she died, unknown. . . . The different home-backgrounds of the two saints have been filled in by Miss Sackville-West with a feminine thoroughness, humour and feeling for detail for which I thank her. Les Buissonnets, that startling villa on the outskirts of Lisieux, with its zuccas outside and rabbit-carved sideboard within, still exists and can (in happier times) be viewed.

The Eagle and the Dove should be an outstanding book of the year. First of all, as a poet Miss Sackville-West is well qualified to apprehend, and to study, what one cannot explain. For her grip, her imagination, her fine pictorial writing, her knowledge and, not least, for her taste (for this last was necessary) we thank her.

In the County Kildare

LAURA LAVERTY (author of *Never No More*) has set the scene of her novel, *Alone We Embark* (Longmans; 7s. 6d.), in a lovely and too little praised part of Ireland—the Kildare plain, dominated by the solitary Hill of Allen, giving on the windy stretch of the Curragh and crossed by the canal, with its locks, hump-backed bridges and reed-fringed banks. To those whose ideal Ireland is the west, with its purplish lowering clouds and mountains, the Kildare landscape might appear tame. I myself confess to finding the west oppressive, and to preferring my country's less dramatic and more delicate scenes. It is high time that the novelists redeemed Ireland from its reputation of consisting entirely of perilous gradients and black souls, and substituted the routine of village and small-town life for adolescent misery in big cities.

Miss Laverty gives promise of doing this. The characters in *Alone We Embark* are not violently emphasised; neither is the landscape. It would be wrong, however, to suggest that in Tullynawlin Miss Laverty is depicting an Irish Cranford. The little town has its proprieties, but these are not genteel ones. Small shopkeepers and farmers make up the society, and among these not only dreams, but passions, not less strong for being controlled, exist. Man and woman, youth and age, the rebel and the conformer are here, as elsewhere, at odds. In Julia Dempsey, Mary Sheehy, Denis Doran and, not least, in the amorous miser, Johnny Dunne, one feels, from moment to moment, unsoundable depths. There are also times when horror creeps in, so quietly that one hardly notices it until it has taken one's breath away—Mary's second marriage to the unthinkable Johnny, and poor Mrs. Sheehy's martyrdom in the workhouse hospital.

The story opens in 1928, with the coming of strolling players (or "Balties") to Tullynawlin, and closes in 1942, with a motor accident that unties a number of knots. Beautiful Mary's infatuation with Rowan O'Keefe, the rather specious young Dublin violinist, who is one of the Balties, her break with Denis and the disappointments of her marriage to Rowan, are convincingly drawn. I longed for a little more of Rowan's bridge-playing mother, and her habitat, the hotel in Harcourt Street, but Miss Laverty sternly, and I feel sure rightly, allows no side-tracking of interest in that direction. The squalors of North Strand, Dublin, where the young couple keep house, are touched in, but we are spared too much of them.

Rowan's death leaves Mary, still young, free to return to Tullynawlin, and to realise, from looking into her own heart, that Denis Doran had always been her true love. But Denis, alas, has carried his grief to America, and does not return in time to save Mary from Johnny Dunne. Only after fourteen years does Mary come to her happiness, thanks to a loose nut in the shaft of a steering-wheel. . . . The plot sounds conventional: it quite probably is, but the emotions around it are vivid and true. Julia Dempsey, who throughout the story can only look on and feel, is a great figure. Julia's little protégée, Teedy, and Mary's son Peejay are, as a pair of children, delightfully drawn. Miss Laverty shows, as a novelist, many gifts: high among these do I rate her sensitiveness to the texture of everyday life.

"These Guardsmen!"

FRESH from the soft air and soft speech of Tullynawlin, I found the climate and clatter of "the Piggery," as rendered in *Some Talk of Alexander* (Secker and Warburg; 7s. 6d.), overpowering. Roger Grinstead, in this novel about Guardsmen, employs a relentlessly photographic art—only not photographic in containing endless and somewhat confusing movement, and in being far from silent. "The plot," to quote the publishers' summary, "turns on the promotion of Guardsman Martin Roule to the rank of corporal, his elevation from the rut of the ranks to the realm of responsibility however restrained, and individuality however constricted." Promotion, for Martin, brings up the initial difficulty of getting his "tapes" sewn on at all, and brings about, in a young man whose adjustments have never been easy, what at one time looks like becoming a psychological crisis. Gelda, Nobby, the Bishop, Hooper and Dolly Grey are not lightly met on these new terms. . . . *Some Talk of Alexander* is, I must say, a remarkable piece of work. It is totally masculine in its interest. How well you will like it I do not know.

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AT CHRISTMAS PLAY AND MAKE GOOD CHEER



Father Christmas came to this party from Selfridge's and brought his exciting-looking sack of toys with him. The small boy of three is wearing a buster suit of primrose-colour rayon silk, his blouse decorated with contrast piping, his trousers lined for warmth; the younger girl has a velveteen party frock with puff sleeves, full skirt and georgette collar; and her elder sister a taffeta of art silk with spotted net collar and cuffs and three rows of ruchings at the waist. The latter may be bought in three colours—red, green or royal. These three children got their clothes from Harrods

FOR CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR

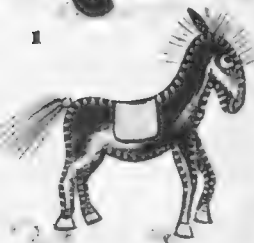
One—Novelty wool makes this dance frock for small girls of six to eight. It is gaily coloured, and with its panel bodice and muslin collar, is just the thing for winter parties

Two—This lovely muslin frock has been specially designed for a two-year-old's first party. It has hand-tucked insertions hemstitched between rows of embroidered wreaths of flowers

Three—This young man of five has chosen a warm woollen buster suit of powder blue which matches his twin sister's dress shown below. The trousers button on to the bodice

Four—White pipings on this little girl's frock and a white bow on her pocket give the feminine touch which is lacking in her brother's suit. Both this dress and the buster-suit above may be bought in three colours—powder blue, light rose and turquoise

The above four and the toys sketched are from Debenhams and Freebody



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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE housemaid was applying for a situation, and on being interviewed by the agent was asked if she had any preference in the kind of family she would like to work for.

"Any kind," she said, "except highbrows. I worked for a pair of them once, and never again. Him and her was quarrelling all the time, and it kept me running back and forward from the keyhole to the dictionary till I was worn to a frazzle."

A SMALL boy once said to his mother: "What do people say when they get married, mummy?" "Well," replied his mother, a little uncertainly, "they promise to love and be kind to each other." After some consideration the boy said: "You're not always married—are you, mummy?"

SOME Marines at Henderson Field in Guadalcanal were asked by some of the natives to teach them a few words of English. The Marines obliged, and began by teaching them three words of greeting to be spoken when they extended a welcoming hand.

That's why, in the jungles of the Solomons, it no longer is a rare experience to meet a wild-looking native, who breaks into a smile, extends his hand, and utters the three memorised words of greeting: "Vote for Willie."

AFTER the wedding, the happy couple were photographed as they left the church, and proofs were promised in a few days.

The large envelope duly arrived, and was opened in great excitement.

Inside were several studies of a baby lying on a rug, and on the back they read: "Please state clearly which size you want—and how many."

THE first day he went into the restaurant he ordered brown bread with his meal. The waitress brought white.

The second day he ordered brown bread; again she brought white. The third day he ordered brown, and again got white.

This went on for a week. On the eighth day he decided that the only way to get what he wanted was to order the opposite. So having ordered lunch, he added: "And bring me some white bread."

"But," said the waitress, "aren't you the gentleman that always has brown?"

AN actor, not so well known as he thought he was, received an offer of a part in a new London production. Being on tour at the time, he replied by telegraph:—

"Will accept double what you offer. Otherwise count me out."

Next day he received a telegram which read:—"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, out."



John Vickers

Muriel Pavlov has an important part in "There Shall Be No Night," the H. M. Tennent production of Robert E. Sherwood's play in which Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt are to appear at the Aldwych Theatre next week. Miss Pavlov has had the good fortune to play with some of the theatre's greatest personalities: she was with Marie Tempest in "Dear Octopus," with John Gielgud in "Dear Brutus," and with Edith Evans in "Old Acquaintance"

THE young man was applying for a job in an office, and the interview had proceeded quite satisfactorily.

"Well," said the employer at last. "I think that's all, young man. You can come along on Monday and start at eight."

The young man pondered for a moment, and then a calculating look crossed his face.

"Pounds or o'clock?" he asked.

A MALE nurse in a mental hospital noticed a patient with his ear close to the wall, listening intently. The patient held up a finger as a warning for him to be very quiet; then beckoned him over and said: "You listen here."

The nurse put his ear to the wall and listened for some time and then turned to the patient and said: "I can't hear anything."

"No," said the patient "and it's been like that all day."

AN advertisement announced an "Important Sale of House Furniture"

and Effects . . . comprising the furnishing of villa which belonged to gentleman lately deceased and removed for convenience."

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Good Form

A LARGE number of members of the Incorporated Society of Locomotive Lovers and Engine Admirators with the associated organisation the Friends of the Steam Express have written to me about a brief comment I made here many weeks ago on the decline in the picturesqueness of transport vehicles. I contrasted the fine spectacle of a big locomotive moving at speed with the poor blind creature that is the electric train and I suggested that aviation is going along a similar path. Aircraft are showing fewer and fewer external signs of power and mechanism. The process is gradual and we tend not to notice it.

A comparison between a Camel, for example, and a Spitfire is instructive. The first thing that one notices is the remarkably modern appearance of the Camel. It was and still is a clean aeroplane. The original Spitfire as Mitchell designed it was also an amazingly clean aeroplane and the true comparison is between those two. Later Spitfires, like the clipped wing version and the Spitfire IX, are less clean than the earlier Spitfire and, on the whole, less clean than the Camel. But where the Camel showed its mechanism (to bowdlerise Barrie) was in the source of its thrust. That amazing old engine, the 110 horse-power Le Rhone, used to whizz round impressively within a sort of decapitated dustbin on the nose. One could see the engine doing its stuff, and occasionally in order to heighten the dramatic effect it would loose off a burst of flame or smoke.

Other Engines—Other Ways

IT HAPPENED to fly Sopwith Camels with one or two unorthodox engines, among them being the large-size Monosoupape (which simply means single valve). The smaller Mono. was well known to many pilots of the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service but the bigger Mono. never came into extensive use and I was lucky to have the opportunity of trying it in a Camel. It had a system of power-adjustment whereby one cut-out alternative cylinders on a special switch. By this means one could make it



The Hack Trophy for Cambridge

Cambridge University Air Squadron won the trophy presented by W/Cdr. Edward Hack for the best Initial Training Wing exam. results, competed for by universities throughout the country. Above: W/Cdr. Hack and his wife and son are seen with Cadet-W/Cdr. Colledge, who holds the cup

sound like anything from a single cylinder motor bicycle engine to a full bang and rattle of a big rotary.

The engine of today is a comparatively smooth contrivance which avoids throwing forth immense tongues of flame and whose movements are totally concealed beneath cowlings of one kind or another. Like the electric train the whole thing is out of sight and one merely sees the result of a turning airscrew.

In so far as the airframe is concerned there has also been a slight move towards this concealment of the bits and pieces but it seems to be a much smaller move than in relation to the engine. The Camel was a biplane, but it had about as few struts and inter-plane bracing wires as could be used. The modern monoplane should theoretically have almost no external gadgetry and the early Spitfire was almost ideal. But it has suffered the fate of all good aeroplanes. Bits and pieces have been added or taken away or altered. The wings have been clipped or they have had pieces put on them. Cannon protrude from the leading edges. Air intakes open through mouths wider and wider. Radiators grow in gape. Radio masts jut out. Cockpit covers bulge. Tail wheels flap wildly in the wind.

On the whole I would say that the Sopwith Camel, regarded solely as an aeroplane, was about equivalent in cleanliness to the Spitfire of today but it was not as clean as the early Spitfire, and I am quite certain that the followers of the Spitfire will be a great deal cleaner than either the Camel or the early Spitfire. In short, we must look to a progressive removal of all external incidentals in aircraft. Whether these machines will be beautiful to look at I do not know, but I imagine that they will. Whether they will be interesting to look at is altogether another thing and seems open to doubt. But, of course, the only thing that we will miss is the spectacular element. In all other respects these cleaner machines will all be better machines. In aircraft cleanliness is next speediness.

Maps Again

A SHORT time ago I referred to the interesting note by Colin Bednall in *The Daily Mail* on a form of air perspective map used by the United States Eighth Army Air Force. Since then a letter has appeared in *The Aeroplane* claiming that an Englishman, Reginald Patterson, drew up in the 1920s a series of perspective plans for the co-ordination of European transport.

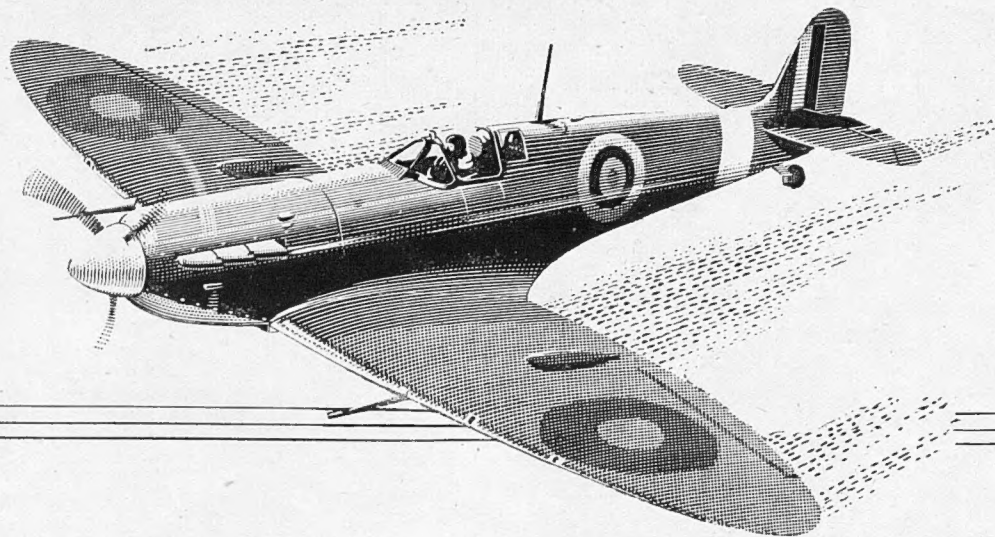
This is an illuminating note on one of the characteristics of the English when they get a good thing. Somebody said that their characteristic was "even to make it too common," but I think it would be more in accord with the facts to say that when they get a good thing they forget it. They then wait for time, somebody else re-invents it, but instead of forgetting it, develops it, puts it into practical use and makes a complete success of it. This, I am afraid, is not satisfactory. Ideas fly round in such large quantities that almost everybody has all the ideas. It is the two following steps that count: determining who originates or is entitled to the credit for some new thing; they are the precise formulation of the idea and the carrying of it into effect. This is where the prophets fail. One can make the wildest predictions about aviation and be fairly certain that one day they will be right. When a new thing is invented and put into practical use hordes of people turn up the frosty files and find that somebody said it all several hundred years ago. They then exalt this person as a true prophet more far-sighted than his contemporaries.

Haig

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